

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

FRED J. KILM, a visiting hotel proprietor, came in to see us last night as we sat at our typewriter pecking out this unique column. He is the other great man at which Leavenworth, Kan., points with pride. Mr. Kilm is also general manager of the North Shore and Evanston hotels in Evanston, Ill., and has a digit in the wings of half a dozen other hotels. We hadn't seen him for twenty-six years. Naturally, we didn't recognize him at first, as his face looked more Chicago than Leavenworth.

"Hello, there!" he said. "The starch factory's closed up."

"What starch factory?" we asked stilly.

"The Silver Shield plant in Leavenworth. You remember—you once worked there."

"We did remember. We worked there three days and were then fired by Foreman Kilm. He ousted us because while carrying a bag of starch, we fell over the cat and spoiled about a worth of Silver Shield. Yesterday we took occasion to ask Foreman Kilm a question that had been in our mind twenty-six years."

"Say, Kilm," we asked, "why didn't you fire the cat instead of me?"

"Oh, she wasn't on salary," he replied. Foreman Kilm evidently had forgotten that the cat received one saucer of milk purr day.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will follow on down the line we will introduce you to a story by Percy Heath.

P. HEATH TELLS ONE.
Percy Heath, now scenario editor for the Universal at Universal City, hates to have an ambitious film writer corner him and try to explain in detail the virtues of his latest photoplay.

"It gets on my nerves," says Percy. "It reminds me of the story of the old judge who had listened to litigation for thirty years and was desperately tired of it. One day a young lawyer dashed into his court with an immense bundle of papers under his arm. The judge caught sight of the papers."

"What is the amount of money involved in this case?" he asked.

"Twenty-five dollars," he asked.

"It's pay it," said the judge. "Call the next case!"

Quite a story, eh? Well, if you will continue along the line, sweet people, we'll introduce you to a new play, Miss Evelyn Cohn, of West 115th Street.

INTRODUCING EVELYN.
Evelyn Cohn of West 115th Street, sends us a rhyme and a note which says, "There is nothing like trying."

Granting that the rhyme is rather trying, why not print it? (Pause for objections.) Hearing no opposing voice, the poem follows:

There was an old lady named Sarah,
Who thinks her neighbors can bear her.

When she goes out to borrow,
Why, much to their sorrow,
They'd like very much to scare her.

Now with that all over, come a little closer and we'll tell you why McIntyre and Heath are to leave Broadway flat.

THIS SHOW TO LEAVE.
After one more week at the 44th Street Theatre, McIntyre & Heath, in "Hello Alexander," will pack up their burnt cork and shimmy dancers and make a bee-line for Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago. This is why, 'tis said: "The Police" has a ministerial part. So has "Hello Alexander."

The first named show is to leave New York soon and the Messrs. Shubert wish to get to Chicago first with "Hello Alexander" and its ministerial part. "Nothing But Love" will go into the 44th Street house when "Hello Alexander" says goodbye.

Now, don't go. Keep your places and we'll tell you a story about the

hunger of Herman Fuchs of the box office at the 44th Street Theatre.

FREE MEALS!

A man went out between the acts at a performance of "Hello Alexander" Thursday night, and when he came back hurriedly handed the doorman what he thought was his pass-out check. Later, it developed it was a meal ticket issued by a Second Avenue restaurant. A letter from the man to the Treasurer of the house next day asked that the ticket be sent him quick, as he was hungry. The ticket was mailed immediately, but got this:

It had two new holes punched in it which Herman Fuchs could not, or would not, explain.

Now get in line, folks, and put your hands to your ears. The next number is a story from Wilbur Bates, press agent for "Where's Your Wife?"

"GOOD!" THE VERY WORD.

"Gen. Robert Lee Bullard," says Mr. Bates, "is most popular with his men. As he went into the PUNCH and JUDY Theatre to see 'Where's Your Wife?' he very punctiliously saluted a group of private soldiers standing in the lobby and asked them if they had tickets to the show. They said they had, and the old fighter responded, 'Good!'"

Quite a unique story, isn't it? However, what we want to know is this, Mr. Bates—did Gen. Bullard say "Good" after seeing the show? Now wait just a moment, friends, and we'll see what scandal we can hand you in small doses.

GOSSIP.

Joe Weber says he'll keep "The Little Blue Devil" in town as long as he has plenty of customers.

A. H. Woods has a new play by Marjorie Blaine called "Fingerprints." Rehearsals are near at hand.

The East-West Players will offer "The Magnificent Lover" at the Jewish Art Theatre, Nov. 26.

Harry Kitzridge is to be assistant to L. H. Rich in preparing the "Way-Back" production.

The Theatre Parian company will arrive in New York to-day after a fortnight on tour.

Dalley R. Paskman has become press agent for "The Greenwich Village Follies."

Harry Ashford has joined the cast of "Scandal" at the 29th Street Theatre.

Walter Brooks, who staged "Fifty-Fifty, Ltd.," has gone out in the colonies to doctor a sick musical production.

Langdon McCormack, author of "The Storm," depores and says the Grand Guignol, Paris, wants his play.

"My Golden Girl" is the title of Harry Weinstock's new Herbert-Kamm musical piece.

We are informed that Lucille Chalfant of Ned Weinstock's "Demi Tasse Revers" at the Capitol may now boast that her education is complete.

George Stacey, manager of "The Little Whopper" at the Casino, became so excited in an argument at the Bal Case yesterday that he ordered oysters, and he doesn't like oysters.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Anxious—Write Fay, care Shubert office, Shubert Theatre.

William Bee, Chicago—Don't quite get you. How's the milk business, anyway?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
The men of Wellsville who belong to the Jolly Husband Club are angered at Grocer Griggs for buying his wife a \$250 fur coat.

FOOLISHMENT.
The air on the ocean is grand,
And so is the air on the land;
But there is one air
For which I don't care,
The air of the baggage's brand.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.
Subscriber (to editor)—What did you mean by putting me in to-day's death notices? I'm not dead.

Editor—Must have been a mistake. But I'll fix it. I'll put you in the birth notices to-morrow.

The Day's Good Stories

GEOGRAPHICALLY ANYWAY.

Hobo—Lady, will you help a sick invalid?

Lady—Why, you're not an invalid.

LOOKS IS DECEIVING, MUM.

You look strong and healthy.

Hobo—Looks is deceiving, mum. How else could I be when my father was born in Cripple Creek, Colo., and my mother in Painesville, Ohio, and I was raised in Maryland. Ind. 7—Detroit Free Press.

POOR DUGGIE!

HALTING opposite the French restaurant which he was wont to patronize, he invited his friend to dine with him. "You know," he said, "this place is famous for its horse meat. You'll find it a regular treat." "Horse meat!" exclaimed the friend, in alarm. "Wouldn't touch it if I were paid, especially after what happened to poor Duggie." "Why, about him?" he was asked. "He died of death in a hotel the other day," answered the friend. "He was eating a piece of horse meat when some one said 'Whoa!'—Argonaut.

A WELCOME FINISH.
DON'T imagine that there is anything in the world worse than a severe case of seasickness. It will unman even a doughboy," recently declared Novelist Sydney Harrison.

"I remember one doughboy on the same ship that took me across, who was terribly sick. His Corporal, hoping to rouse him to a supreme effort and get him on deck into the fresh air, rushed into his cabin one day, crying:

"Get up, Mike! the ship's been torpedoed and is going down."

"Thank heaven something is going down instead of up," gurgled the doughboy, adding, "and, Corp, see if you can hurry it up a bit."—Buffalo Commercial.

HUNG UP THE RECEIVER.
"ELL," said the Far West Mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs in your country, but over here when some of our boys got tied up in that bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about they became mighty crusty."

"Oh!"

"Yes, they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business now."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener. "Then may I ask what they did?"

"Bartley: I was goin' to tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."—Troy Times.

VAN'S NORUB
Washes Clothes Clean
Saves 10¢ at Your Grocer

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

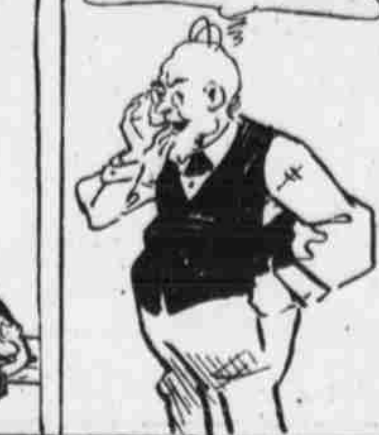
WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF TOWSER—HE TRACKS UP MY FLOORS—SOME-THING AWFUL!



I'LL TELL YOU! I'LL BUY HIM FROM MARY AND SHIP HIM OUT TO THE COUNTRY



HERE, OSCAR, HERE'S A FIVE SPOT—TAKE THIS PEST OF A DOG OUT TO YOUR FARM AND KEEP HIM—WILL YOU?



IT'S ALL FIXED! I BOUGHT HIM FROM MARY AND SHIPPED HIM OUT TO OSCAR MCINTYRE'S FARM!



GEE! TWO WHOLE DOLLARS!



HEY C'MERE AND SEE MY NEW DOG! BOBBIE SOLD HIM TO ME FOR TWO DOLLARS!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

BUST OUT LUKE! AN' TELL ME ALL TH' GOSSIP AN' EVERYTHIN'!



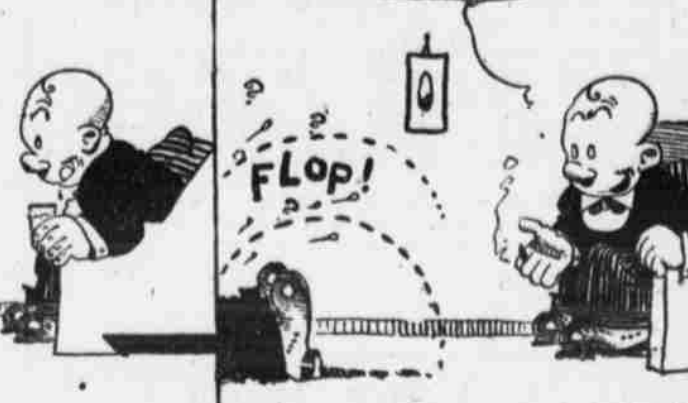
WELL—THEY SAY YOUR DIVORCED WIFE HAS MADE UP HER MIND TO MARRY A STRUGGLIN' YOUNG LAWYER!



WELL "LUKE"—IF SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND!



HE MIGHT AS WELL STOP STRUGGLIN'!



JOE'S CAR

MR. JINKS—HOW'D Y'LIKE TO GO UP WITH ME FOR A LITTLE JAZZ OVER THE LOT? ARE Y'GAME?



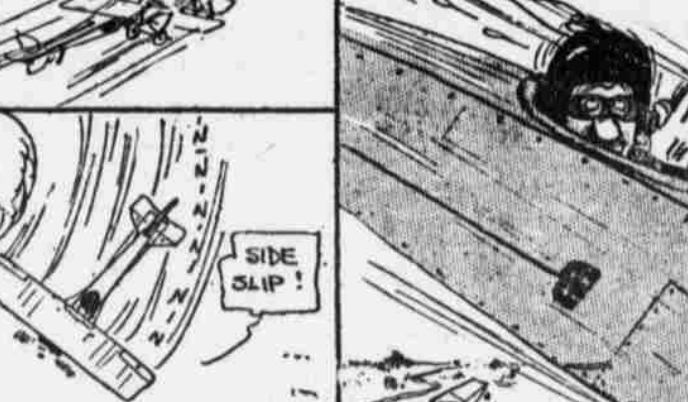
THIS? OH, THIS IS A "CRASH" HELMET—YOU KNOW—IN CASE ANY THING HAPPENS—! THINGS HAVE HAPPENED



OH—WONDERFUL! THAT'S G-G-GREAT!



2000 FEET JOE!



HOW Y'FEELIN' JOE—HOW DO Y'LIKE IT?



LEAVE IT TO LOU

HELLO!—WHY! HELLO BILLY KNOT!—I HAVEN'T HEARD YOUR VOICE IN TWO YEARS—UP IN CANADA, WERE YOU?—FINE! I'LL BET YOU HAVE A LOT OF WILD TALES TO TELL!—ALRIGHT! COME UP AT 8 O'CLOCK!—G'BYE!



YES!—WE HAD A MOST EXCITING TRIP FROM GOLD CENTRE!—HALF TH' WAY WE WERE CHASED BY WOLVES!



HOW PERFECTLY SPLENDID!—BUT I'LL BET YOU WERE TOO FOXY FOR THEM!



WE COULD HEAR THEM HOWLING AN' GAINING ON US AT EVERY MINUTE—AT LAST WE COULD ALMOST FEEL THEIR MUZZLES AGAINST OUR BACKS



MY! HOW RELIEVED YOU MUST HAVE BEEN



DOROTHY

WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' LIZ?



I'M GOIN TO LEARN HOW TO SKATE



OH GEE—I THOUGHT YOU KNEW HOW



SHUCKS—IT'S NOTHIN' TO LEARN



I THOUGHT IT WAS HARD



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CHAS. McMANUS.

A Turn Over in Dogs

An' He'll Be Strugglin' Ever Afterward

Wait! Joe Will Come Down in To-Morrow's Paper!

To the Life Boats, Men! We've Struck a Mine!

And That's Hard Enough